The Gelding of the Devil,

OR,

The pretti.ſt J ſt that e'r was known,
How the Bakers Wife her skill hath ſhown,
Then liſten a while, and I the Nev s will tell,
Betwixt the Baker and the *Devil* of Hell.

To a dainty new Tune, called *The Gelding of the Devil*, OR, *The Card Players.*

A Pretty Jeſt I will you tell,
Of the Gelding of the Devil of Hell.
There was a Baker of Mansfield town,
To Nottingham Market he was bound,
And riding under the Willows clear,
The Baker he ſung with a merry chear,
And riding under the Willows clear,
The Baker ſung with a merry Chear.

The Bakers Horſe was lusty and ſound,
Well worth in judgment full five pound,
His skin was ſmooth, and his fleſh was fat,
His Maſter was well pleaſ'd at that,
Which made him ſing ſo merrily,
As he was paſſing on the way.
Which made him ſing, &c.,

But as he rod over the Hill,
There met with him the Devil of Hell.
O Baker, Baker, then cry'd he,
How came thy Horſe ſo fat to be?
Theſe be the words the Baker did ſay,
Becauſe his Stones be cut away.
Theſe be the words the Baker did ſay,
Becauſe his Stones be cut away.

Thou ſhalt Geld me before thou doſt go,
Then (ſouth the Devil) if it be ſo,
Firſt tye thy Horſe to yonder Tree,
And with thy knife come and Geld me:
The Baker had a Knife for the nonce,
Wherewith to cut out the Divils ſtones,
The Baker had a knife, &c

The Baker, as it came to paſs,
In haſt alighted from his Horſe,
And the Devil on his back he lay,
Whilſt the Baker he cut his Stones away
Which put the Devil to great pain,
And made him to cry out amain.
Which put the Devill to great pain.
And made him to cry out amain.

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The Second Part,

To the same Tune.

Oh quoth the Devil beshrew thy heart
Thou dost not feel how I do smart,
And for the deed that thou hast done,
I will revenged be agen;
And underneath this green-wood Tree,
Next Market-day I will Geld thee,
And underneath this green wood Tree.
Next Market-day I will geld thee.

The Baker then but little said,
But at his heart was sore afraid,
He durst no longer then to stay,
But he rod home another way.
And coming to his Wife did tell,
How he had Gelt the Devil of Hell.
And coming to his wife, &c.

Moreover to his Wife he told,
I Wat that made her heart full cold,
How that the Devil to him did say,
That he would geld him next Market-day
Oh, quoth the good wife without doubt,
I had rather both thy Eyes were out,
Oh quoth the good wife, &c.

For then all the People far and near
That know thee will both mock and jear
And Gow-wives they will chide and brawl
And stonelesse Gelding will thee call
Then hold content, and be thou wise,
And Ile some pretty trick devise,
Then hold content, &c.

Ile make the Devil change his Coat,
Give me thy Hat thy Band, and Coat.
Thy Hose and Doublet eke also,
And I like to a Man will go,
Ile warrant thee next Market-day,
To fright the Devil clean away.
Ile warrant thee, &c.

When the Bakers Wife she was dress,
With all her Bread upon her Beast,
To Nottingham-Market that brave Town
To sell her Bread both White and Brown
And riding merrily over the Hill,
Oh there she spy'd two Devils of Hell,
And riding, &c.

A little Devil and another,
As they were playing both together,
Oh, ho, quoth the Devil then right fain,
Here comes the Baker riding amain:
Now be thou well or be thou woe,
I will Geld thee before thou dost go.
Now be thou, &c.

The Bakers Wife to the Devil did say,
Sir I was Gelded yester day,
Oh quoth the Devil, I mean to see,
And pulling her Coats above her knee,
And so looking upwards from the ground,
Oh, there he spy'd a terrible wound
And so looking, &c.

Oh quoth the Devil, Ise see,
He was not cunning that Gelded thee,
For when he had cut out thy stones,
He should have clos'd up thy wounds,
But if tho'it stay hear a little space,
Ile fetch some salve to cure the place,
But if thou'le stay &c.

He had not run but a little way,
But up her belly crept a flea,
The little Devil seeing that.
He up with his paw and gave her a pat,
Which made the good-wife for to start,
And with that she let go a rowzing Fart.
Which made the, &c.

Oh, oh quoth the Devil thy life is not long.
Thy Breath it smells so horrible strong,
Therefore go thy way & make thy Will,
Thy wounds are past all humane skill.
Begon make no delay.
For here thou shalt no longer stay.
Begone Begone, &c.

The good wife with this news was glad,
So she left the Devil almost mad,
And when she to her Husband came,
With joyful heart she told the same,
How she had couzen'd the Devil of Hell,
Which pleas'd her Husband wondrous well
How she had couzen'd the Devil of Hell,
Which pleas'd her Husband wondrous well

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